



*The Telesnap
Archive*



The Fifth Doctor
encounters *The
Stockbridge
Horror*

The Seventh
Doctor visits the
War World

plus
*The Warrior's
Story*
featuring the
Sixth Doctor



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This issue of Doctor Who Classic Comics debuts our next presentation of never-before published Sixties teasnaps. Those familiar with the existing two episodes of *The Wheel in Space* will testify to the unique nature of the story that rounded off the classic Season Five.

Coming in the same season as Gerry Davis and Kit Pedler's *The Tomb of the Cybermen* and David Whitaker's *The Enemy of the World*, *The Wheel in Space* stands as testament to the popularity of the Cybermen and the skill of scriptwriter David Whitaker. The script, based on a Kit Pedler storyline entitled *The Space Wheel*, was notable for introducing another re-designed breed of Cybermen and a new companion for the Doctor.

Wendy Padbury brought Doctor Who bang up-to-date with PVC, hot pants and a head for figures. The new character's name, Zoe, was in fact dreamt up by *Crossroads* co-creator Peter Ling. The scriptwriter had included the name in a storyline entitled *Manpower* – in fact the first draft of Season Six's *The Mind Robber*. Producer Peter Bryant immediately took to the name (which Ling remembers possibly 'borrowing' from one of his wife's friends) and the Doctor's new companion came to life.

Other things to watch out for in this memorable serial include the striking opening episode, reminiscent of Whitaker's 1964 classic *Inside the Spaceship*.

Read it and weep, BBC Archive.

Marcus

ONCE IN A LIFETIME.....4

The Seventh Doctor encounters an investigative reporter. A complete story by John Freeman, with art by Geoff Senior and coloured by Paul Vyse. Originally featured in *The Incredible Hulk Presents* Issue 4.

THE STOCKBRIDGE HORROR: Part One.....9

The discovery of a fire in Wells Wood leads the Fifth Doctor into a terrifying adventure stretching throughout time and space. Written and drawn by Steve Parkhouse with new colours by Paul Vyse. Originally presented in *Doctor Who Monthly* Issues 70 – 72.

THE TELESNAP ARCHIVE: THE WHEEL IN SPACE.....25

Having made their farewells to Victoria, the Second Doctor and Jamie land on a deserted space ship. Deserted apart from a strange automaton... The second instalment of previously unpublished pictures can be found in *Doctor Who Magazine* Issue 214.

THE WARRIOR'S STORY...37

The group come together in the penultimate chapter of this adventure for the Sixth Doctor. Written by Alan McKenzie and drawn by John Ridgway the story features new colours by David Leach. Originally presented in *Doctor Who Monthly* Issue 106.

WAR WORLD.....45

The Seventh Doctor finds himself caught between two sets of warriors. Story by John Freeman, illustrations by Art Wetherall and colours by Paul Vyse, this story was originally featured in *The Incredible Hulk Presents* Issue 4.

VWORP VWORP.....50

John Ainsworth's comics chronicle debuts the Third Doctor.

Doctor WHO

ONCE IN A LIFETIME

CITIES ARE THE SAME ACROSS THE UNIVERSE. THEY START OUT WITH THE BEST INTENTIONS BUT END UP OVER-POPULATED, POLLUTED AND BUSY...



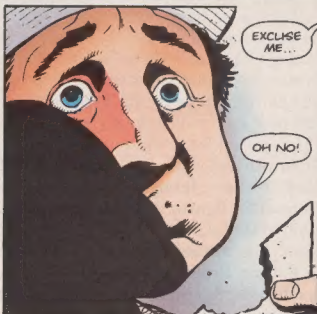
...BUT EVEN PLACES SUCH AS SOLAR CITY ON GALACTICA MINOR HAVE THEIR GOOD POINTS, AS THE DOCTOR WELL KNOWS...



...UNFORTUNATELY, EVEN THESE CAN BE SPOILT.



WAAH!



Script
JOHN FREEMAN

Art
GEOFF SENIOR

Lettering
STUART BARTLETT

THE NAMES, MIFF I'M A
REPORTER FOR THE **UNIVERSAL
HERALD** AND I KNOW YOU
WON'T MIND ANSWERING
A FEW QUESTIONS.



WELL, YES,
ACTUALLY I
DO MIND.

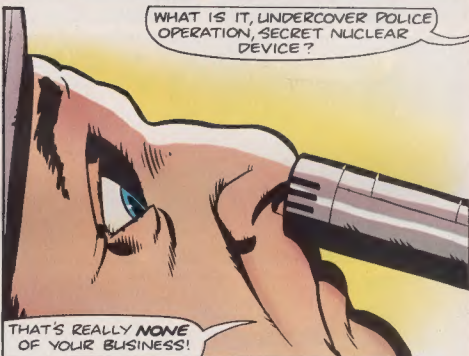


OH COME ON, SIR, I KNOW
A STORY WHEN I SEE ONE.
THAT **BLUE BOX**, FOR
EXAMPLE, IT WASN'T THERE
FIVE MINUTES AGO...



WASN'T
IT?

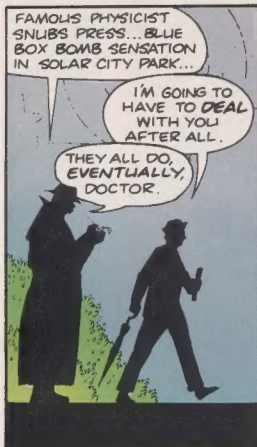
WHAT IS IT, UNDERCOVER POLICE
OPERATION, SECRET NUCLEAR
DEVICE?

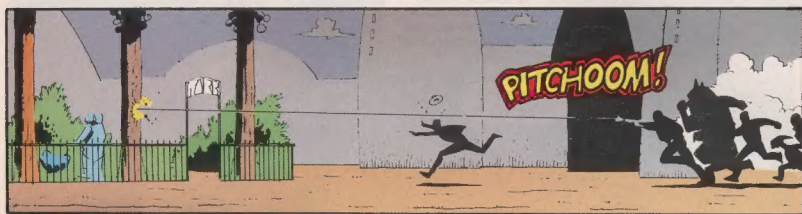


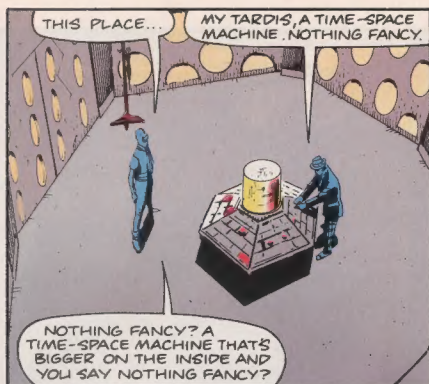
THAT'S REALLY NONE
OF YOUR BUSINESS!

LOOK, SIR, THE STORY IS
GOING TO BE WRITTEN, ONE
WAY OR ANOTHER.



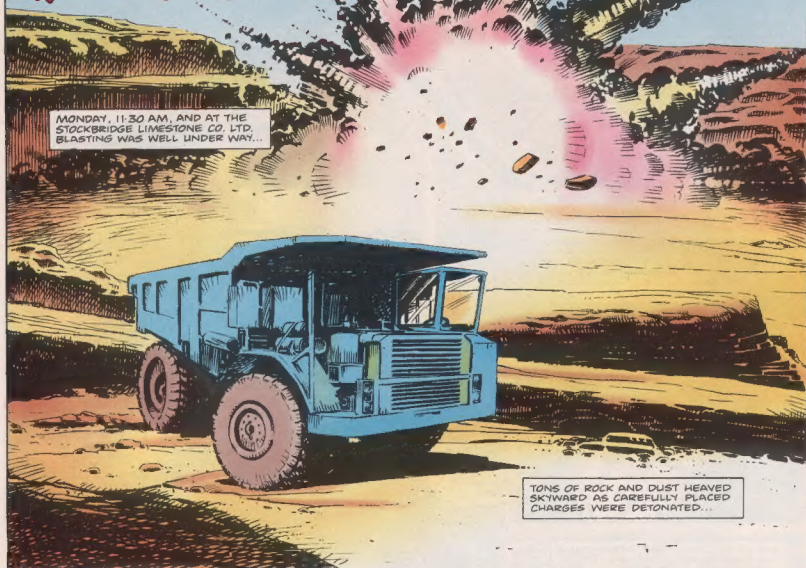






NEXT: HUNGER AT THE END OF TIME!

the Stockbridge HORROR



MONDAY, 11:30 AM, AND AT THE STOCKBRIDGE LIMESTONE CO. LTD. BLASTING WAS WELL UNDER WAY...

TONS OF ROCK AND DUST HEAVED SKYWARD AS CAREFULLY PLACED CHARGES WERE DETONATED...

THE DUST SETTLED BACK ONTO THE QUARRY FLOOR... THREE SHORT BLASTS OF A SIREN SOUNDED AND THE BIG DUMPERS CAME ROLLING IN... FOR THEIR DRIVERS IT WAS JUST ANOTHER WORKING DAY...

AND LIKEWISE FOR THE ENGINEERS WHO HAD SET THE CHARGES... UNTIL ONE OF THEM GLANCED UP AT THE BROAD LIMESTONE FACE SO RECENTLY EXPOSED...



ER... DAVE... CAN YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

HUH?



UP THERE ON THE FACE... RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU!

HELL'S BELLS! YEAH... I'M SEEING IT NOW... BUT I DON'T BELIEVE IT!



AT THAT MOMENT, FIFTEEN MILES AWAY... ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE VILLAGE OF STOCKBRIDGE, P.C. JIM MARSHALL WAS HEADING FOR HOME...

HE HAD SPENT THE MORNING HELPING TO BEAT OUT A STUBBLE FIRE WHICH HAD SPREAD TOO FAR... JUST PART OF A ROUTINE WORKING DAY...

BETTER STOP AND CHECK IT OUT... PROBABLY JUST A BUNDLE OF RAGS...

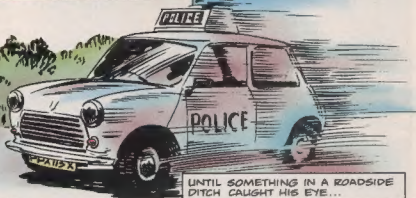


NO, PLEASE... NOT ON A MONDAY MORNING, I COULDN'T TAKE THAT...

I JUST COULDN'T TAKE IT!

BUT AS HE CAUTIOUSLY APPROACHED THE OVERGROWN DITCH, HIS FIRST IMPRESSIONS FADED FAST...

OH, NO...



UNTIL SOMETHING IN A ROADSIDE DITCH CAUGHT HIS EYE...

OH LORD... LOOKS LIKE HE'S BEEN HIT BY A FLAME-THROWER! BUT THE GRASS IS UNTOUCHED!

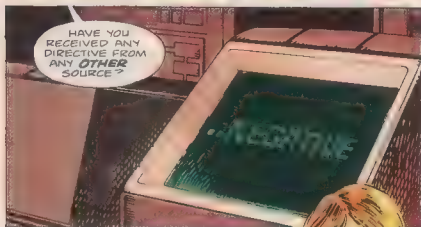
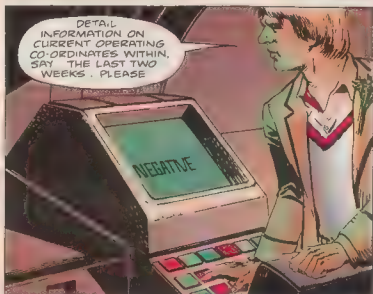
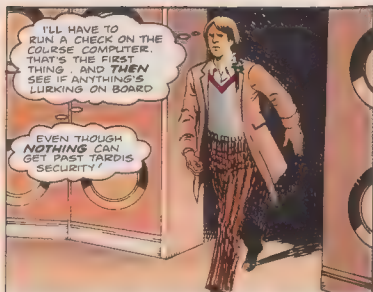
HE'S BEEN DUMPED... MUST'VE BEEN!

P.C. MARSHALL RADIOED HOME, WHERE HIS WIFE TOOK THE CALL...

...PARTIALLY BURNED BODY DISCOVERED AT ROADSIDE ON BRIDGE LANE, FIVE MILES NORTH OF STOCK BRIDGE...



ER... INFORM COUNTY H.Q... WE'LL NEED AN AMBULANCE... TELL THE SARGE I'LL BE STANDING BY FOR HIM... SO I'LL SEE YOU LATER, LOVE...



TUESDAY, 9 AM SHARP, IN THE DINING ROOM OF THE GREEN DRAGON INN, STOCKBRIDGE, THE DOCTOR WAS ABOUT TO START HIS THREE MINUTE EGG

AHH... SAY WHAT YOU LIKE ABOUT ENGLAND, BUT IT REALLY IS ONE OF THE LAST FEW CIVILISED PLACES LEFT IN THE GALAXY...

EGG, TOAST AND THE MORNING PAPER. WHAT MORE COULD ANY TIME-LORD ASK?



WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT? SOUNDS INTRIGUING... CAN'T BEAT A GOOD MYSTERY

"AN IMPRESSION OF A LARGE MAN" MADE OBJECT WAS FOUND YESTERDAY WHILE QUARRYMEN DYNAMITED LIMESTONE...

BELOW IS A PICTURE TAKEN BY EXPLOSIVES ENGINEER DAVE THOMAS

GOOD GRIEF!



OFF SO SOON, DOCTOR? AREN'T YOU GOING TO FINISH YOUR BREAKFAST?

NOT NOW, MRS. WITHERS! SOMETHING IMPORTANT HAS CROPPED UP!

THE DOCTOR RAN. HE RAN UNTIL THE GREEN DRAGON WAS FAR BEHIND. HE RAN UNTIL HE REACHED THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE VILLAGE



HE DIDN'T STOP RUNNING UNTIL HE REACHED THE EDGE OF WELLS WOOD. AND ALL THAT TIME, HIS MIND WAS RUNNING AHEAD OF HIS BODY.

IF IT'S GONE I'M STRANDED. DONE FOR, AND I'VE ONLY GOT MYSELF TO BLAME

I'VE BEEN A FOOL. I'VE NEGLECTED THE TARDIS FOR FAR TOO LONG... NOW IT LOOKS LIKE I'M PAYING THE PRICE

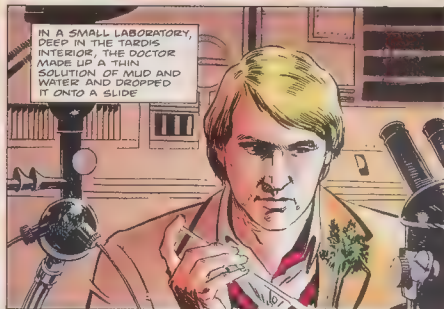


THERE'S SOMETHING
FISHY GOING ON HERE...
I CAN SENSE SOMETHING
ESSENTIALLY ALMOST
REBELLIOUS ABOUT
THE TARDIS.

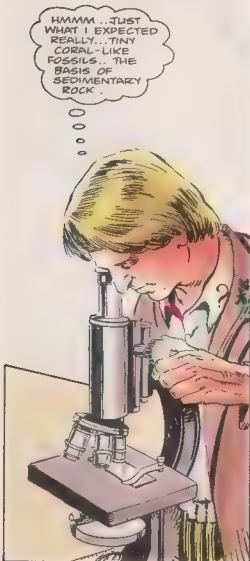
ALMOST AS
IF IT'S BEEN
OUT PLAYING
BY ITSELF
WITHOUT MY
PERMISSION.



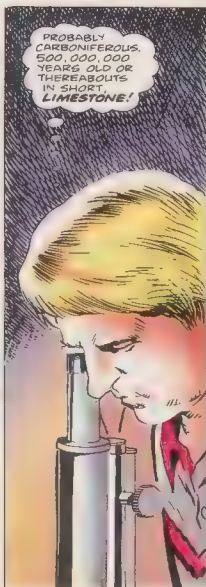
A SAMPLE
OF THIS MUD
FOR ANALYSIS
SHOULD CLARIFY
MATTERS.



IN A SMALL LABORATORY,
DEEP IN THE TARDIS
INTERIOR, THE DOCTOR
MADE UP A THIN
SOLUTION OF MUD AND
WATER AND DROPPED
IT ONTO A SLIDE



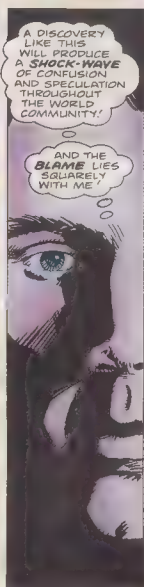
HMMM...JUST
WHAT I EXPECTED
REALLY...TINY
CORAL-LIKE
FOSSILS...THE
BASIS OF
SEDIMENTARY
ROCK.



PROBABLY
CARBONIFEROUS.
500,000,000
YEARS OLD OR
THEREABOUTS
IN SHORT,
LIMESTONE!



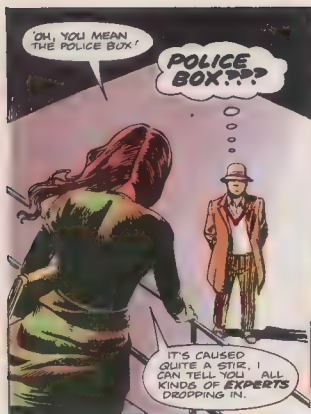
WHAT APPEARS
TO BE A MAN-MADE
OBJECT, IN
SEDIMENTARY ROCK
OF THE CARBONIFEROUS
PERIOD, BEFORE LIFE
AS TERRESTRIALS
KNOW IT HAD
EVOLVED!

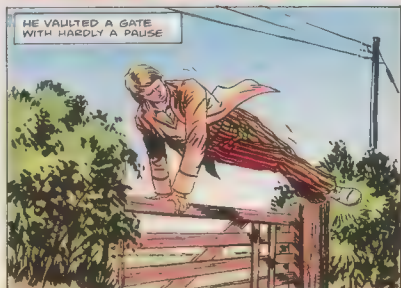


A DISCOVERY
LIKE THIS
WILL PRODUCE
A SHOCK-WAVE
OF CONFUSION
AND SPECULATION
THROUGHOUT
THE WORLD
COMMUNITY!

AND THE
BLAME LIES
SQUARELY
WITH ME!

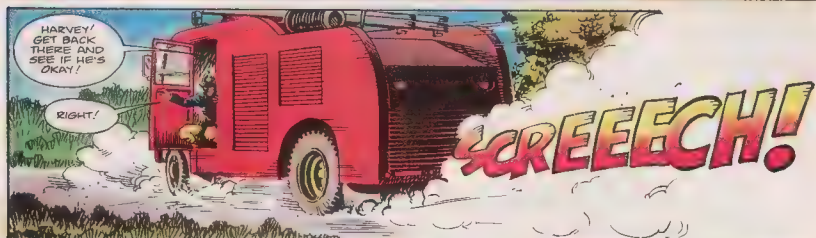
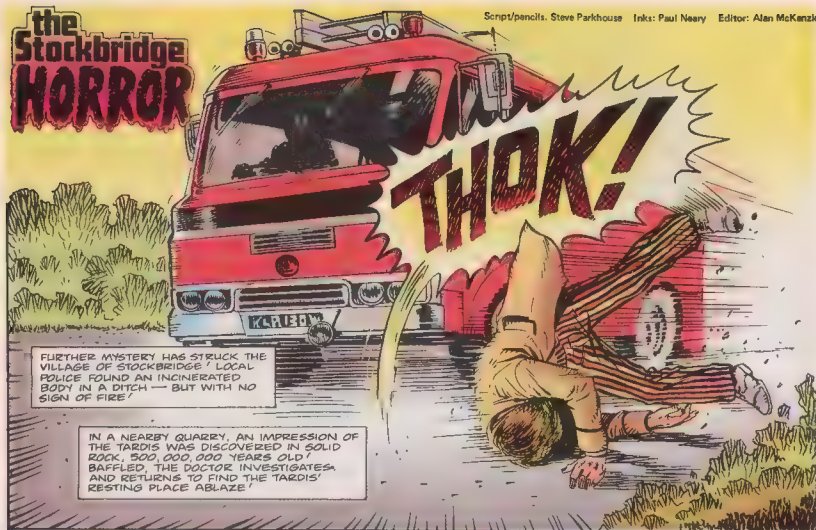






the Stockbridge HORROR

Script/pencils: Steve Parkhouse Inks: Paul Neary Editor: Alan McKenzie





OH NO! NOW
THE ENGINE'S GONE
OFF AND LEFT
ME!



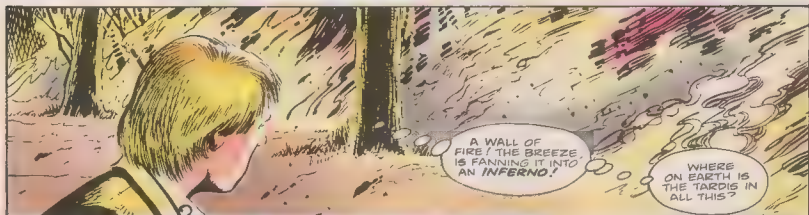
AND THAT
POOR BLIGHTER'S
MADE IT OFF INTO
THE WOODS

I'D BETTER KEEP
AN EYE ON HIM, OR
THE CHIEF'LL HAVE
MY GUTS FOR GARTERS

THE DOCTOR STUMBLED THROUGH THE EDGE
OF THE WOODS, MUSTERING ALL HIS
PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RESOURCES TO
OVERCOME THE PAIN IN HIS BATTERED BODY



AND ALREADY HE
COULD FEEL THE HEAT
ON HIS FACE...AND THE
SHARP SMELL OF
WOODSNOKE FILLED
HIS NOSTRILS...



A WALL OF
FIRE THE BREEZE
IS FANNING IT INTO
AN INFERNO!

WHERE
ON EARTH IS
THE TARDIS IN
ALL THIS?



THERE
THE FLAMES
HAVEN'T REACHED
T-YET!

I'VE GOT TO
GET IT OUT
HERE THE PLACE
WILL BE SWARMING
WITH FIREMEN



THERE'S NO
WAY I CAN GET
THROUGH THESE
FLAMES.

I'LL HAVE
TO SKIRT
ROUND
THEM...



THEN THE FEAR HIT HIM...
A PAINFUL TANGIBLE
FORCE DEEP IN HIS
STOMACH

A LIVING HAND
GRASPED HIS INNARDS,
A WRENCHING TWISTING
TERROR THAT DOUBLED
HIM UP



THROUGH THE INFERNO A
DARK SHAPE EMERGED
LIKE THAT OF A MAN, BUT
NOT WHOLLY HUMAN

A BEING WHO
WALKED IN
FIRE. YET
WAS NOT
CONSUMED



SHAYDE
SHAYDE... IS
THAT YOU?



IT'S **NOT** YOU
IS IT? WHO IN
HEAVEN'S NAME
ARE YOU?



A FIRE-GOD, A LORD OF THE
FOREST FROM WHOSE DARK
INTERIOR **FEAR** BURST
FORTH LIKE **THUNDER**...

FEAR, FIRE AND LIGHTNING
WERE HIS TO COMMAND



THE DOCTOR STOOD
IMMOBILISED AS
THE FIRE SEARED
HIM IN ITS PASSING

STRIDING THROUGH THE SMOKING RUIN THAT WAS WELLS WOOD, THE CREATURE PAUSED BRIEFLY

APPEARING TO SUMMON ENERGY FOR A FINAL BLAST

WHEN

HEY! I WOULDN'T GO ANY FURTHER IN THERE IF WERE YOU!

LOOK... WHY DON'T YOU COME BACK WITH ME? YOU MAY NEED A DOCTOR OR SOMETHING.

JUST A SEC... YOU'RE NOT HIM...

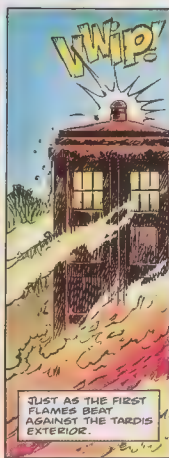
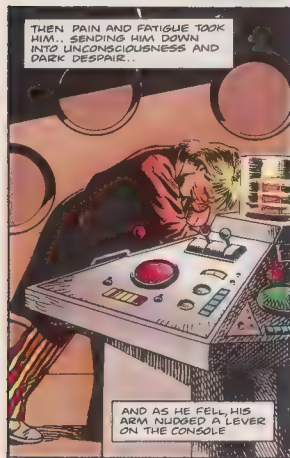
WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO GET AWAY FROM ME PLEASE!

AAAGGH!!

WHOMPP!

THE TARDIS WAS NOW ENCIRCLED BY FIRE HEAT AND PRESSURE WERE BUILDING UP... UNTIL THE TREES BEGAN TO EXPLODE, HURLING FIERY EMBERS INTO THE FOREST LIKE SHRAPNEL





FOR TWO DAYS AND NIGHTS THE FIRE RAGED



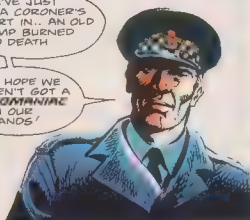
UNTIL FINALLY, ON THE THIRD DAY, THE BLAZE WAS BROUGHT UNDER CONTROL AND TWENTY ACRES OF WELLS WOOD STOOD BLACKENED IN A GREY DAWN

I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT WELLS WOOD WAS ALWAYS PART OF THE LANDSCAPE AND NOW IT'S **GONE**! ANY IDEA HOW IT STARTED?

IT'S BEEN A LONG DRY SUMMER COULD HAVE BEEN ANYTHING

WE'VE JUST HAD A CORONER'S REPORT IN... AN OLD TRAMP BURNED TO DEATH

I HOPE WE HAVEN'T GOT A **PYROMANIAC** ON OUR HANDS!



SIR! OVER HERE



THERE'S A BODY IN THE BUSHES, SIR... IT'S ONE OF OUR LADS...

WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM



WHO IS HE? WHAT DO YOU THINK HAPPENED?

IT'S YOUNG JOHN HARVEY A STOCKBRIDGE LAD - HE WAS IN ONE OF THE FIRST CREWS TO ARRIVE

BUT HE WENT MISSING AFTER AN ACCIDENT ON THE ROAD

HE MUST HAVE GOT HIMSELF CUT OFF

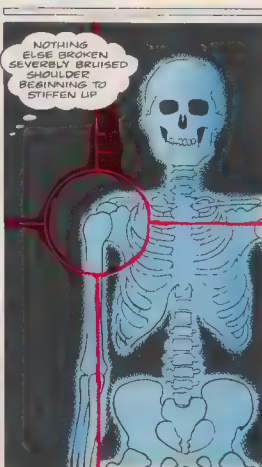
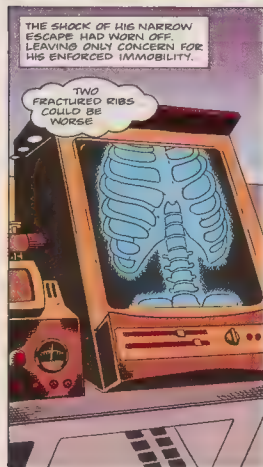
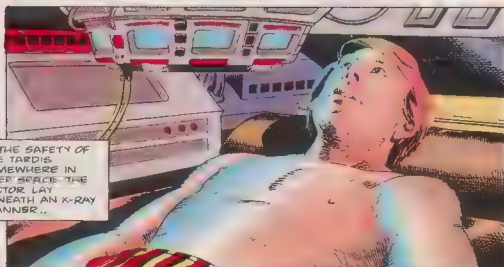
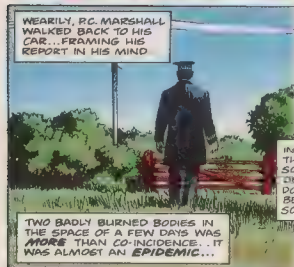


BUT THE TREES HERE ARE UNTOUCHED BY THE FIRE

JUST LIKE THE LAST TIME... THE BODY IN THE DITCH



THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE HERE, SIR COME AND LOOK AT THIS!





SLEEP...
I MUST
SLEEP TRY AND
FORGET IT...

AT LEAST
FOR A
WHILE

BUT THEN,
ECHOING
THROUGH
THE TARDIS...

THWOMM!

AND THE DOCTOR
WAS SUDDENLY
AFRAID AGAIN..
AS IF POISED ON
THE EDGE OF AN
ABYSS

I'M
ALONE!



ALONE
IN A VOID!
NOWHERE TO
GO TO ESCAPE
THIS THIS...

BUT THE DREAD REMAINED
LIN-NAMED



THE TARDIS DRIFTED SLOWLY
REVOLVING ON ITS AXIS



AND SOMETHING ON ITS OUTER
EDGE BLOTTED OUT THE STARS...



SOMETHING THAT CLING
LIKE A CLIMBER TO A
ROCK-FACE.. OR A
PREDATOR TO ITS PREY

SOMETHING HUGE AND DARK
SOMETHING LIKE FEAR ITSELF..
MASSIVELY, INEXORABLY
INCHING ITS WAY ALONG THE
LEDGE.. GAINING A FOOTHOLD..

SEEKING
ENTRANCE!



EPISODE 1

by
David Whitaker, from
a story by Kit Pedler
directed by
Tristan de Vere Cole
transmitted
27th April 1968

The Doctor and a sullen
Jamie depart the barren
North Sea, leaving the dis-
enchanted Victoria in the
care of the Harris family.

Jamie gazes at his com-
panion for the last time ...

as his waving friend rapidly
reduces in size on the
scanner screen

Some time later, the
Doctor announces that
they are landing. While the
fault locator reports no
cause for concern, he is
intrigued by indications that
the Ship is surrounded by
metal

DOCTOR WHO

THE WHEEL IN SPACE

BY
DAVID WHITAKER
FROM A STORY BY
KIT PEDLER

EPISODE 1

The scanner shows a
series of unusual images:
a shimmering lake, a flock
of cranes, a beautiful
waterfall and sun-drenched
palm trees. "The TARDIS
is trying to warn us to get
away from here to some-
where more pleasant," sur-
mises the Doctor.

The fault indicator's oscillo-
scope display signals a
power overload. A light
flashes on the console and
by the time the Doctor has
realised the danger it is too
late.

The power lines overload
and the fluid links explode.

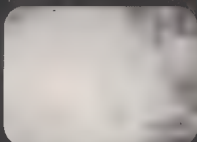
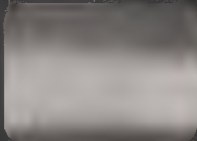
As the damaged compo-
nent continues to disinte-
grate, the Doctor and
Jamie attempt to quell the
fire. The control room
sways and rocks as the
Ship pitches alarmingly.
Lethal mercury vapour
begins to fill the air.

Diving for a wall panel by
the double doors, the
Doctor disengages the
time-vector generator. The
TARDIS reverts to a police
telephone box and the
Doctor and Jamie escape
through the doors. They
emerge, coughing, into the
motor section of a rocket.

The Doctor points out there
must be an artificial gravity
system keeping them on
their feet. He hands Jamie
a lemon sherbert and they
start investigating the
seemingly dead craft.
Before long they come
across an oily track, appar-
ently left by a machine.

Following it, a door auto-
matically opens in their
path. They enter another
deserted area. The sinister
silence is broken only by
the Doctor wondering what
triggered the Ship's def-
ence mechanisms and
pondering on the where-
abouts of the crew.

They continue their investi-
gations, discovering along
the way deserted living
quarters. As they search
the area they remain
unaware of a metallic pres-
ence nearby.



A light on the robot's shoulder illuminates, accompanied by a varying pitched grating electronic signal.

The Doctor and Jamie locate an observation port which confirms they are drifting aimlessly in space. "We're just a piece of space flotsam, do you realise that?" the Doctor agitates.

Jamie suggests they simply replace the TARDIS' damaged component and leave, but the Doctor explains that he needs to locate some mercury to refill the fluid links. Besides, the mystery of the rocket's four missing crewmen is intriguing.

Jamie complains of his growing hunger. Refusing the Doctor's offer of another lemon sherbert, he instead fantasises of roast beef, potatoes and cabbage followed by fruit salad. The Doctor duly presses a nearby food dispenser into service.

The Doctor selects pork, potatoes and carrots, followed by ice cream. With some trepidation, Jamie joins the Doctor in tucking into their flavoured food substitutes. "What do you think Victoria's doing now?" asks Jamie

"Time is relative," replies the Doctor. "If I knew when 'now' was I might be able to hazard a guess. She's decided to stay in a good historical period - very few wars, great prosperity - she'll be happy enough."

In a nearby corridor, the squat automaton's sensors shiver as it probes the reason for the door being open.

It shuffles along, steadily making progress along the corridor.

Continuing his observation of the stars outside...

the Doctor surmises that they don't appear to be in any immediate danger.

Jamie, however, is too tired to notice one way or the other.

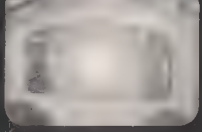
Outside, the automaton meticulously scans the police box. It activates an optical beam on its chest panel...

and the door to the control room slides open accordingly.

Shuffling into the confined area its collapsible arms outstretch to connect with the instruments. Lights flicker, meters register and a switch flicks, seemingly on its own accord.

The craft immediately lunges to one side. Jamie is woken from his sleep while the Doctor is thrown from his feet, hitting his head. Jamie tries to take stock of the situation while Doctor staggers, suffering from concussion.

Under the automaton's navigation, the rocket alters its course. Jamie and the Doctor find themselves trapped as the door to the cabin is sealed from outside.



In the control cabin the robot completes the course change and disconnects from the navigation computer.

It turns its attention to a nearby metal pod, which slowly splits open to reveal a number of smooth white egg-like structures, held in place by a wire frame.

The ship's entry hatch glides open, and the 'eggs' begin to float in the weightlessness.

As if responding to an unheard instruction they float in unison through the hatch and into the vacuum of space beyond.

The robot silently monitors the progress of the eggs as they spawn from the ship, slowly drifting into the distance...

and towards a giant space station.

With the rod-like time vector generator in his hand, the Doctor uses the device to open the door and get himself and Jamie back to the safety of the TARDIS. Mustering all his remaining strength he struggles to think lucidly through his concussion.

Entering the next chamber, he hears a sound behind him. Turning slowly he witnesses the squat automaton bearing down on him, quivering sensors outstretched.

The Doctor is too weak to offer any resistance as the robot advances, extending a rod-like laser. Jamie, following the Doctor out, realises his predicament and quickly throws a bunkbed blanket over the automaton.

Jamie and the dazed Doctor make their escape into the cabin while the robot slides around, buffeting against the wall. Composing itself, it emits a ray and the sheet is instantly blown down the corridor with the force.

Rallying itself, the robot extends its laser and directs the device towards the door shielding the Doctor and Jamie. The half-conscious Doctor hands Jamie the time-vector generator and mumbles some vague instructions.

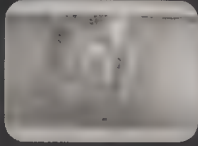
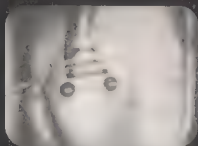
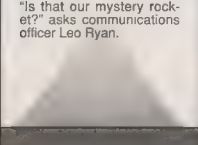
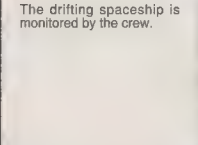
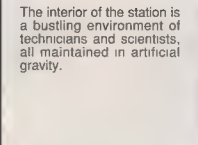
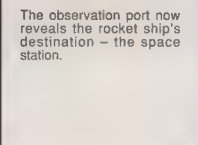
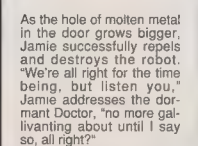
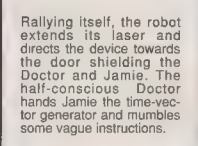
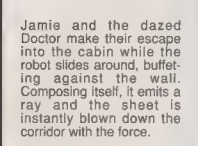
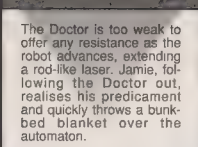
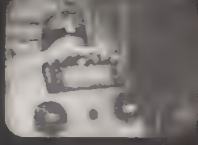
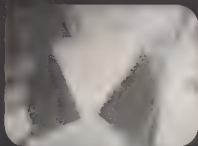
As the hole of molten metal in the door grows bigger, Jamie successfully repels and destroys the robot. "We're all right for the time being, but listen you," Jamie addresses the dormant Doctor, "no more gallivanting about until I say so, all right?"

The observation port now reveals the rocket ship's destination - the space station.

The interior of the station is a bustling environment of technicians and scientists, all maintained in artificial gravity.

The drifting spaceship is monitored by the crew.

"Is that our mystery rocket?" asks communications officer Leo Ryan.



Jarvis Bennett and Dr Gemma Corwyn deliberate over the apparently pilotless newcomer. Prompted into searching the registry by the lack of radio contact, the craft is identified as *Silver Carrier*.

The craft, a supply ship for Station Five, stops moving. It is already nine weeks overdue and between eighty and ninety million miles off course.

Jarvis recommends further attempts at radio contact. He hypothesises that the craft has made it this far flying on automatic – and that its power is now failing.

Silver Carrier hangs motionless in the dark chasm of space. Jamie and the concussed Doctor remain unaware that they are the subject of so much concern.

Meanwhile, on the space station, a new danger has taken precedence over the drifting supply rocket. A number of small objects, apparently meteorites, begin colliding with the space station's outer rim.

Inexplicable drops in air pressure prompt Jarvis to propose that the small objects have escaped from the *Silver Carrier*. "I can't risk that rocket homing on the station," he decides. "In a moment you're going to experience a sight rarely seen by human beings."

Jarvis orders that the X-ray laser is turned on the *Silver Carrier*. "In a few moments you're going to witness the complete destruction of a rocket in space." On the surface of the space station, the huge cannon is welded into place, the *Silver Carrier* directly in its sights...

Issue 214 of **Doctor Who Magazine**, on sale 9th June, features more than sixty previously unpublished photographs from Episode 2 of this Season Five story.

In Episode 2 Jamie struggles to avert collision with the space station and meets a brilliant astrophysicist, Zoe.

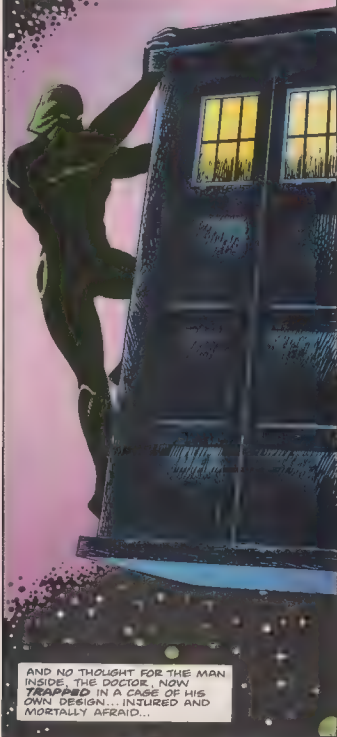
Meanwhile, a unimaginably sinister presence begins to assert itself...

Compiled by
Marcus Hearn

the Stockbridge HORROR

IN THE COLD REACHES OF SPACE,
A FIRE BURNED... NOT THE ETERNAL
FIRE OF STARS, BUT THE FIERCE
FLAME OF **HATE** AND AWESOME
NEED...

A CREATURE SOUGHT ENTRANCE
TO THE TARDIS... A BEING WITH
NO NAME, NO MIND, NO HEART...



AND NO THOUGHT FOR THE MAN
INSIDE... THE DOCTOR, NOW
TRAPPED IN A CAGE OF HIS
OWN DESIGN... INJURED AND
MORTALLY AFRAID...



SLOWLY, WITH GREAT CARE
THE BEING TOOK A **GRIP**
ON THE TARDIS ROOF



ITS AWARENESS PERCEIVED A SOURCE
OF **ENERGY** BEFORE IT... A SOURCE
THAT ORIGINATED WITHIN THE TARDIS

A SOURCE THAT PROVIDED
A **CHANNEL** FOR ITS
OVERPOWERING NEED



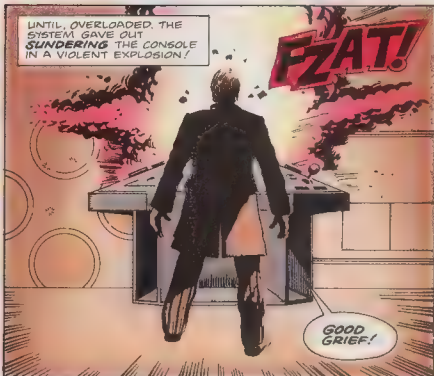
NOTHING MUST BE ALLOWED
TO STAND IN ITS WAY... NOW
THAT IT WAS SO CLOSE



GRASPING THE TERMINALS WITH BOTH HANDS, THE CREATURE ALLOWED ITS OWN ENERGY TO FLOW IN A GREAT SURGE... WITH ALL THE PENT-UP POWER OF AN ELECTRICAL STORM.



THE LIFE-FORCE SEARED INTO THE TARDIS POWER SYSTEM



UNTIL OVERLOADED, THE SYSTEM GAVE OUT SUNDERING THE CONSOLE IN A VIOLENT EXPLOSION!

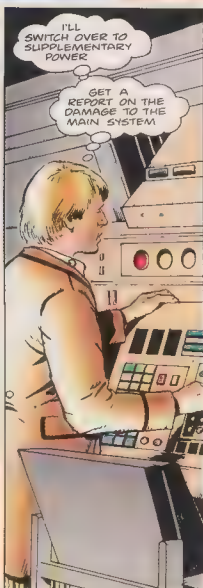
FZAT!

GOOD GRIEF!



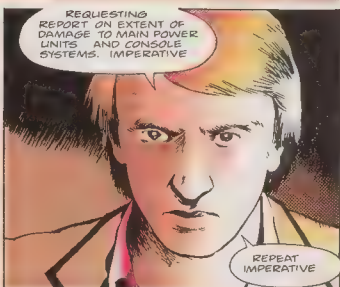
AN OVERLOAD A MASSIVE FAULT IT MUST HAVE BEEN...

UNLESS



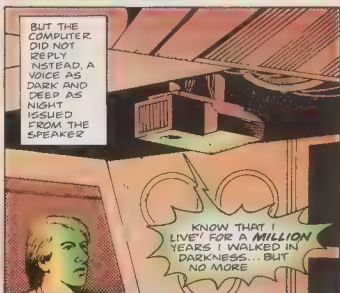
I'LL SWITCH OVER TO SUPPLEMENTARY POWER

GET A REPORT ON THE DAMAGE TO THE MAIN SYSTEM



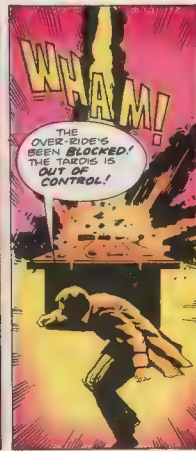
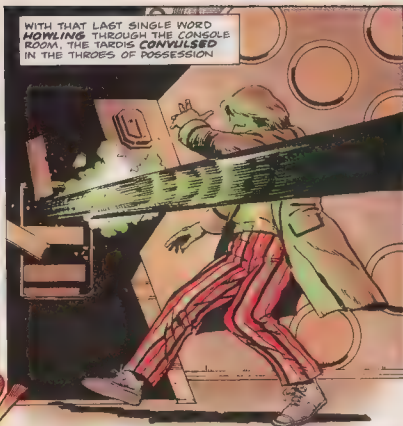
REQUESTING REPORT ON EXTENT OF DAMAGE TO MAIN POWER UNITS AND CONSOLE SYSTEMS. IMPERATIVE

REPEAT IMPERATIVE



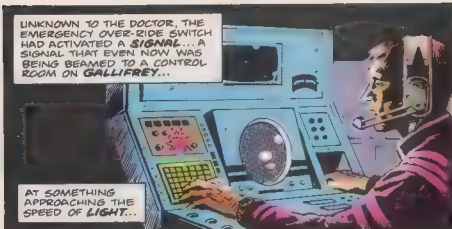
BUT THE COMPUTER DID NOT REPLY INSTEAD, A VOICE AS DARK AND DEEP AS NIGHT ISSUED FROM THE SPEAKER

KNOW THAT I LIVE! FOR A MILLION YEARS I WALKED IN DARKNESS... BUT NO MORE





I'VE GOT TO
TAKE IT OUT
SHUT THE WHOLE
THING DOWN!



UNKNOWN TO THE DOCTOR, THE
EMERGENCY OVER-RIDE SWITCH
HAD ACTIVATED A **SIGNAL**... A
SIGNAL THAT EVEN NOW WAS
BEING BEAMED TO A CONTROL
ROOM ON **GALLIFREY**...

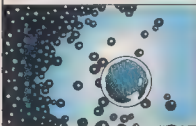
AT SOMETHING
APPROACHING THE
SPEED OF **LIGHT**...



EMERGENCY
CODE THREE ZERO
ONE FOUR ONE BEING
TRANSFERRED TO
MATRIX CENTRAL...

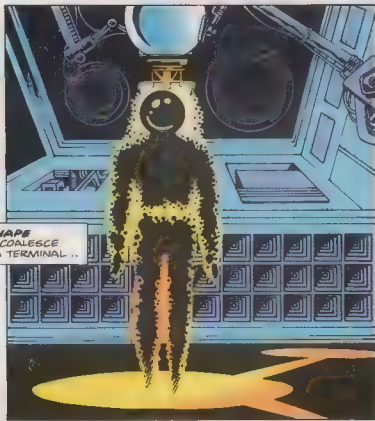
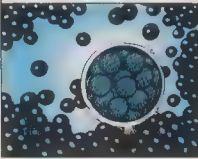
CLEAR ALL
CHANNELS FOR
EMERGENCY CODE
THREE ZERO ONE
FOUR ONE

DEEP IN THE MATRIX DATA
BANK, THE EMERGENCY CODE
TRIPPED A PRE-PROGRAMMED
SEQUENCE OF EVENTS



PARTICLES GATHERED AROUND
A SINGLE **NUCLEUS**

WHICH THEN MULTIPLIED
ITSELF AT AN ALARMING RATE
...FORMING A PRE-DETERMINED
PATTERN...



UNTIL A **SHAPE**
BEGAN TO COALESCE
BENEATH A TERMINAL...

A SHAPE **LIKE** THAT
OF A MAN... YET
NOT WHOLLY HUMAN



SHAYDE, SECONDARY AGENT
OF THE MATRIX-LORDS OF
GALLIFREY, REACHED AROUND
FOR A **DIRECTIVE**...



HE... FOUND
NONE

THE DOCTOR RAN INTO THE DARKNESS...
AND THE **THING** HAULED ITSELF
AFTER HIM... SLOWLY... ALMOST
PAINFULLY

IT HAD
ETERNITY
ON ITS SIDE



WHERE TO
NOW? IT LOOKS
LIKE THE ONLY
WAY IS **DOWN**...
WHAT WHAT'S
THAT?

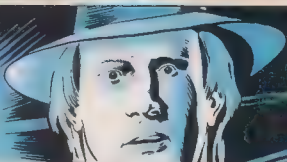


DOCTOR!
HELP! HELP ME,
DOCTOR!

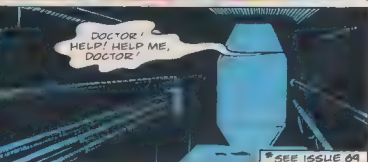
THAT VOICE.
IT'S **MARK!**
MAXWELL
EDISON!



INTO THE DOCTOR'S
MIND A **MEMORY**
SPRANG... A
MEMORY OF
DARKNESS AND
TEAR... A MEMORY
OF A **PRESENCE**,
HUGE AND
BROODING...



DOCTOR!
HELP! HELP ME,
DOCTOR!



* SEE ISSUE 09

AND AS THE MEMORY FADED... IT WAS
REPLACED BY A DAWNING REALISATION
... A **GLIMMER** ON THE HORIZON
OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

OH, NO
WHAT HAVE I
DONE? **WHAT**
HAVE
DONE?



IF WHAT I
SUSPECT IS TRUE
THEN I'VE GOT
TO **UNDO** IT



THE
MASTERS
OF TIME
HAD NOT
SUMMONED
HIM...



THE
INITIATIVE
WAS
HIS TO
TAKE.



DEEP IN THE INNER
RECESSES OF THE
TARDIS, THE DOCTOR
MADE HIS WAY TO
THE HEART OF THE
TIME MACHINE...

I HAVEN'T
BEEN DOWN HERE
FOR YEARS

I'D ALMOST
FORGOTTEN
WHAT IT WAS LIKE
IT'S TIME I HAD
A CLEAROUT



NOW WHERE
DOES THIS LEAD TO?
I USED TO HAVE A PLAN
OF THE TARDIS WITH
EVERYTHING MARKED
OUT

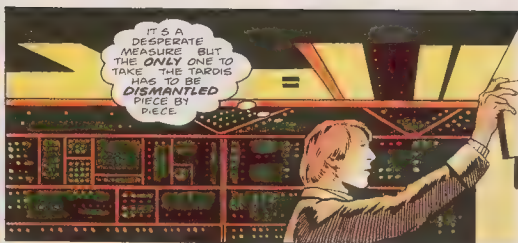


WHANG!



HOW IN THE
NAME OF HEAVEN
DID THIS THING
GET INTO THE
TARDIS??

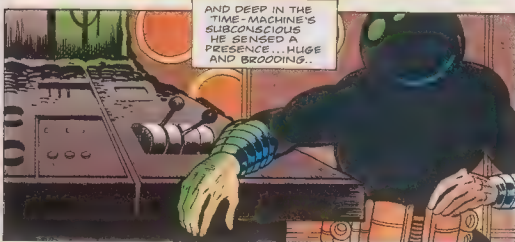


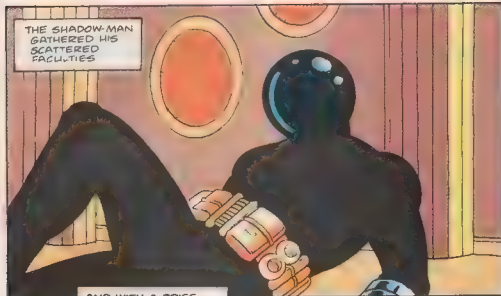


SEVERAL STOREYS ABOVE THE DOCTOR'S HEAD, SHAYDE SURVEYED THE WRECKAGE OF THE CONSOLE.

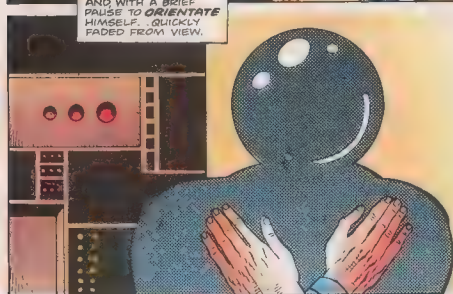


REACHING OUT FOR MENTAL CONTACT, HIS MIND PROBED THE TARDIS' RELAY SYSTEMS..

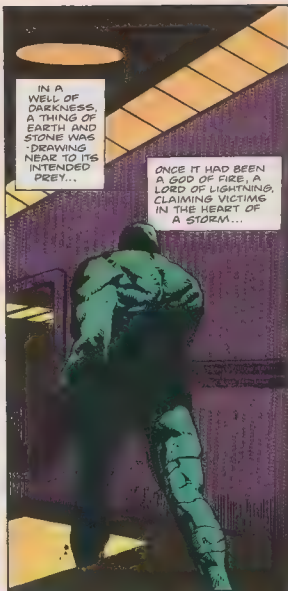




THE SHADOW-MAN
GATHERED HIS
SCATTERED
FACULTIES

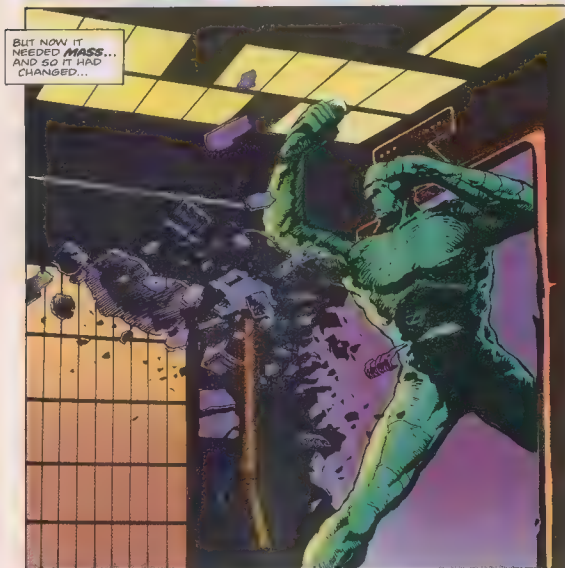


AND, WITH A BRIEF
PAUSE TO **ORIENTATE**
HIMSELF, QUICKLY
FADED FROM VIEW.



IN A
WELL OF
DARKNESS,
A THING OF
EARTH AND
STONE WAS
DRAWING
NEAR TO ITS
INTENDED
PREY...

ONCE IT HAD BEEN
A GOD OF FIRE, A
LORD OF LIGHTNING,
CLAIMING VICTIMS
IN THE HEART OF
A STORM...



BUT NOW IT
NEEDED **MASS**...
AND SO IT HAD
CHANGED...



BUT THE FIRE STILL
RAGED WITHIN...
FIRE AND THE
NEED TO DESTROY

TO DESTROY THE
BEING WHO HAD
SET IT FREE!

THE WARRIOR'S STORY

< KAOS, THE OLDEST KNOWN
PLANET IN THE GALAXY.
SOME BELIEVE ALL LIFE
BEGAN HERE. THE CRADLE
OF A THOUSAND LEGENDS. >

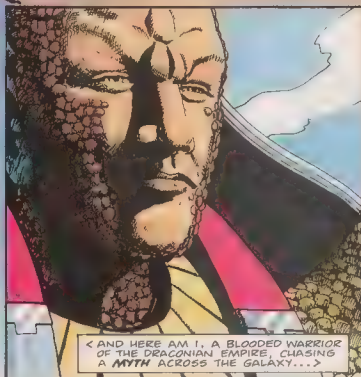
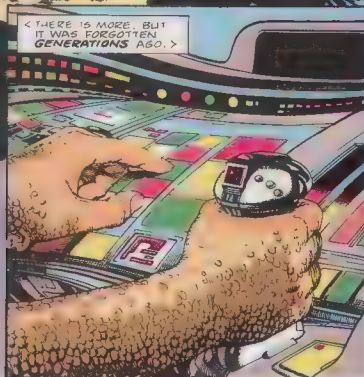
< I AM HERE BECAUSE
OF ONE SUCH LEGEND... >

MAX STOCKBRIDGE
SCRIPT
JOHN RIDGWAY
ART
ANNIE HALFACREE
LETTERING
STARKINGS
LOBO
CEEN KIDOUT
EDITOR

< WHEN YOUR RACE'S FINISH LINE COMES IN SIGHT,
BEWARE THE NINE
FROM GODS WHO GUARD A LONG DEAD RACE, SIX STARS SPAN,
THE VOID OF SPACE.
AND OF MAGELLAN'S SIX WHO STAND, FIVE WILL FIGHT
THE FIGHT AT HAND.
WHEN DAWN ARRIVES, THE BATTLE'S DONE. THROUGH BLOOD AND TEARS
THE DAY IS WON. >

< TRANSLATED VERY LOOSELY
FROM THE DRACONIAN — ED. >

< THERE IS MORE, BUT
IT WAS FORGOTTEN
GENERATIONS AGO. >



< AND HERE AM I. A BLOODED WARRIOR
OF THE DRACONIAN EMPIRE. CHASING
A MYTH ACROSS THE GALAXY... >





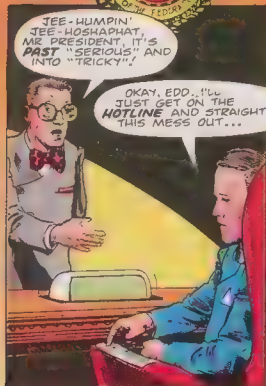
OH, HI, EDD.
GLAD YOU DROPPED
BY. WHAT'S THE
LATEST?



WELL, MR PRESIDENT DAVROS **STILL** HASN'T
ACKNOWLEDGED YOUR INVITATION TO THE
GALACTIC SUMMIT. ABEL GANTZ DIED IN AN
EXPLOSION LAST NIGHT AND THE **DRACONIAN**
EMPEROR WANTS US TO TRACE HIS PERSONAL
BODYGUARD, MISSING SINCE YESTERDAY...
OR HE'S WALKING OUT ON THE TALKS.



GIVE IT TO
ME STRAIGHT, EDD.
IS THE SITUATION
SERIOUS?

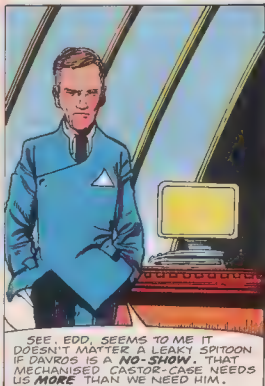


JEE-HUMPIN'
JEE-HOSHAPHAT,
MR PRESIDENT, IT'S
PAST "SERIOUS" AND
INTO "TRICKY".

OKAY, EDD, I'LL
JUST GET ON THE
HOTLINE AND STRAIGHTEN
THIS MESS OUT...



OH, MARLA? GET
ME THE **DRACONIAN**
EMPEROR ON THE
LINE...



SEE, EDD, SEEMS TO ME IT
DOESN'T MATTER A LEAKY SPITTOON
IF DAVROS IS A **NO-SHOW**. THAT
MECHANISED CASTOR CASE NEEDS
US **MORE** THAN WE NEED HIM.



ABEL'S NOSE-DIVE
IS A DITTY NOTHING
WE CAN **DO** RIGHT
NOW...

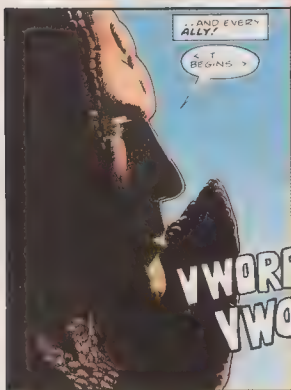
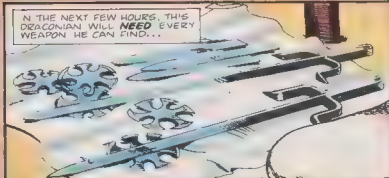
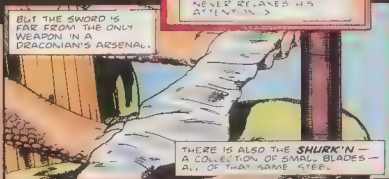
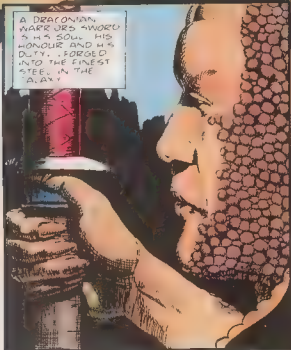
MR
PRESIDENT?
I HAVE YOUR
CALL...



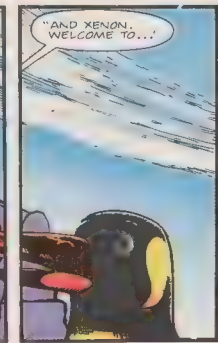
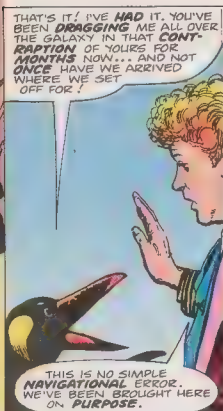
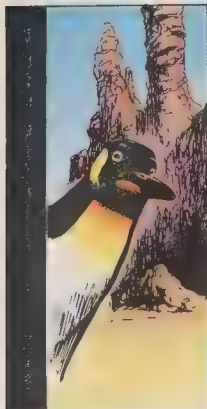
OKAY, EDD.
WATCH ME GO
TO WORK...



OH, YOUR
EXCELLENCY...
HEAR YOU LOST ONE
OF YOUR BOYS...



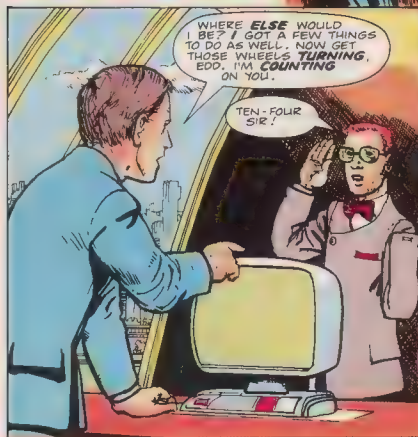
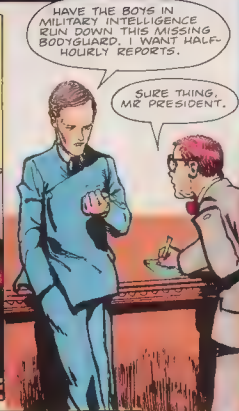
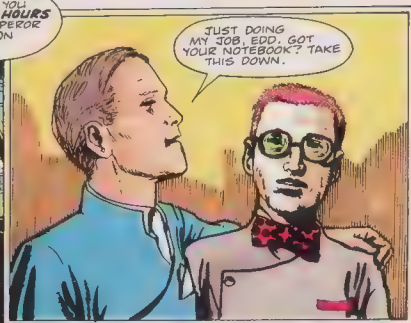
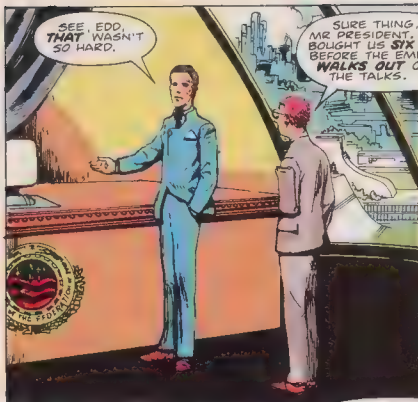
VWORP!
VWORP!

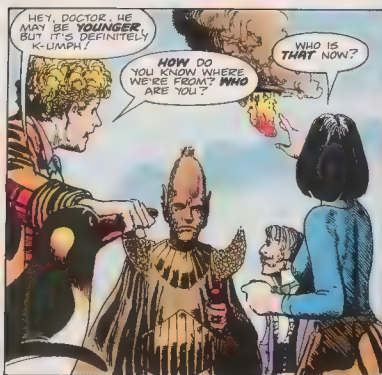




... THE VALLEY
OF THE GODSSES.

JOHN RIDGWAY







Doctor WHO

PEOPLE SAY WAR IS HELL.
FOR THE OCCUPANTS OF
HELL IS IT'S ALL
THERE IS...



THE TIME AND SPACE TRAVELLER
KNOWN ONLY AS THE DOCTOR
IS ABOUT TO BE ENLISTED...

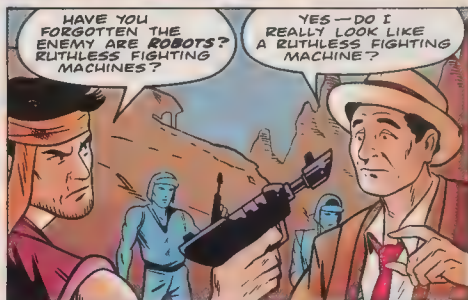
BLAST, THE TIME-
SPACE LOCATOR'S FAILED
AGAIN! I'LL HAVE TO FIX
YOU THIS TIME,
OLD GIRL.

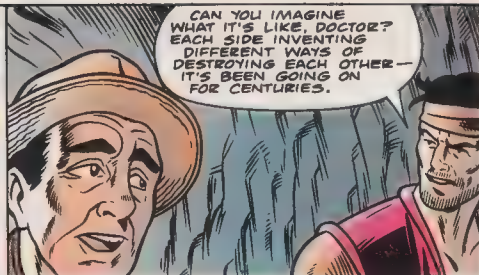


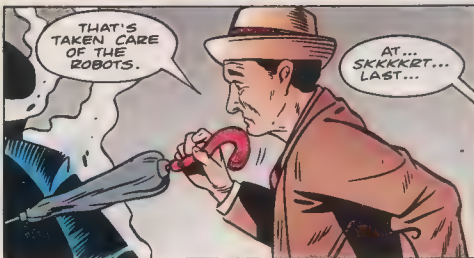
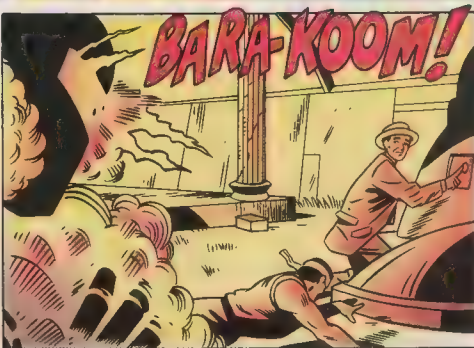
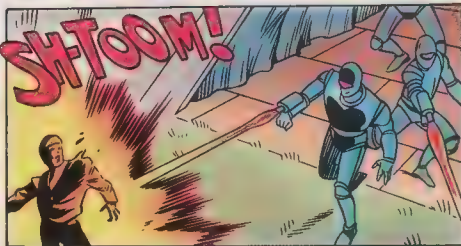
ONLY HOPE
THE NATIVES OF
THIS PLANET
ARE...



Script JOHN FREEMAN Pencils ART WETHERELL Inks DAVE HARWOOD Lettering ANNIE HALFACREE









NEXT: TECHNICAL HITCH!



John Alcornworth brings his examination of the *Doctor Who* comic strips into the era of the Third Doctor!

THE ARKWOOD EXPERIMENTS

TV Comic

Issues 944 - 949

(17.1.70 - 21.2.70)

Pages: 18 & 19 (B & W)

Writer: Roger Noel Cook (Unconfirmed)

Artist: John Canning

At a zoo, the Doctor and the Brigadier are attacked by an escaped flock of parrots who have suddenly become inexplicably aggressive. The Doctor quickly traces the trouble to a group of visiting children from Arkwood Private School.

As the Doctor and the Brigadier arrive at the school to investigate, ten-year old genius, Cedric Matthews uses his drug on his fellow pupils and leads them on a rampage of destruction.

At the opening of this adventure, readers were briefly informed of the Doctor's change of appearance, his exile to Earth by the Time Lords and his involvement with the Brigadier and UNIT.

After initial problems, *TV Comic* had successfully secured the rights to use likenesses of Jon Pertwee as the Doctor, Nicholas Courtney as the Brigadier and the concept of UNIT. Unfortunately, the likenesses of both the major characters varied greatly from frame to frame. The Brigadier tends to look more like some greasy spiv who is more likely to try and sell you a dodgy car than protect you from aliens. The Doctor fares a little better being very tall

and gangly. His attire is quite faithful to his television appearance but for this story he has gained a silver headed cane for some reason.

Unfortunately, despite the Doctor's change of appearance, he still had the same character (or lack of) as his previous strip incarnation. The scripting was exactly the same with apparently no attempt to emulate the more serious approach adopted by the television series.

THE MULTI-MOBILE!

TV Comic

Issues 950 - 954

(28.2.70 - 28.3.70)

Pages: 18 & 19 (B & W)

Writer: Roger Noel Cook

Artist: John Canning

The Doctor and the Brigadier attend a demonstration of new all-purpose tank-like vehicle called the multi-mobile. The vehicle is stolen by enemy agents who intend to use it to attack a nuclear defence centre. The army and the air-force are unable to bring the multi-mobile to a halt leaving the way clear for the Doctor and UNIT to give their best shot.

An interesting, and rare, piece of character dialogue takes place between the Doctor and the Brigadier at the opening of the adventure. The Doctor makes it clear that he would much rather be mending the TARDIS than watching the demonstration. The Brigadier however reminds the Doctor that UNIT is supplying all of the spare parts he requires and suggests that he should take more of an interest in UNIT business.

Just who the enemy are and why they wish to attack a nuclear defence centre is never made clear. It was obviously felt that this is the sort of thing that villainous types get up to.

An interesting exchange between the *Doctor Who* production office and writer Roger Noel Cook took place concerning the denouement of the story. Approval of the storyline fell to Robin Squire who signed himself as script editor of *Doctor Who* but was more than likely acting as assistant to genuine script editor, Terence Dicks. Squire felt that the resolution of putting sugar in the petrol tank of the multi-mobile to bring it to a halt was rather unimaginative. As an alternative he suggested that the Doctor should instead employ a device such as a concentrated sonar beam.

In reply, Roger Noel Cook argued that the comic strip was deliberately aimed at a young audience and consequently he was keen that the Doctor should be seen to be employing familiar everyday items to combat his enemies. Cook went on to add that regardless of the intended audience, he felt that a 'concentrated sonar beam' was too easy a solution that lacked credibility.

INSECT

TV Comic

Issues 955 - 959

(4.4.70 - 2.5.70)

Pages: 18 & 19 (B & W)

Writer: Unknown

Artist: John Canning

A variety of giant insects suddenly start appearing in the countryside. The Doctor is able to track the cause down to the freak chemical reaction of a pesticide spray. As the creatures continue to terrorise the locals, the Doctor struggles to develop a formula that will reduce the insects to their normal size.

For a story that ran for five weeks, remarkably little actually happens in this adventure. Much of the 'plot' is taken up with the visual spectacle of the giant creatures roaming about the countryside and attacking people.

THE METAL EATERS

TV Comic

Issues 960 - 964

(9.5.70 - 6.6.70)

Pages: 18 & 19 (B & W)

Writer: Unknown

Artist: John Canning

A meteorite crash lands on Earth where it is examined by the Doctor and Liz Shaw. While in transit, three groups of intelligent iron filings bore their way out of the meteor and cause metal structures to collapse, rusted away as they 'breathe' metal.

Using an anti-corrosive fluid, the Doctor is able to neutralise the threat posed



by two of the groups of filings. However, the Doctor is unaware of the existence of the third group which attaches itself to a plane about to take off with a party of school children aboard.

This adventure saw the introduction of television companion, Liz Shaw and the Doctor's car Bessie. Both had been separately negotiated for with BBC Enterprises. Liz's likeness was based on actress Caroline John who played the character on television. In particular, John Canning's illustrations were based on how Liz appeared in her first television adventure, *Spearhead from Space* where her hair was fastened in a bun.

Spearhead from Space may also have had influence on the plot of *The Metal Eaters*. Both stories feature meteorites landing on Earth that contain a dangerous intelligence of some kind. Whatever its origins, this adventure was a step closer to its television counterpart and was quite intelligently written – comparatively speaking!

THE FISHMEN OF CARPANTHA

TV Comic

Issues 965 - 969

(13.6.70 - 11.7.70)

Pages: 18 & 19 (B & W)

Writer: Unknown

Artist: John Canning

After the Doctor and Liz assist the Brigadier and UNIT with the test of a new kind of depth charge, several ships in the same area are wrecked. The Doctor's suspicions are confirmed when he discovers the existence of an underwater race called Carpanthans. The Doctor and Liz are put on trial by the fishermen for the destruction of their city caused by the UNIT depth charge.

The recently transmitted adventure, *Doctor Who and the Silurians* appears to have been something of an inspiration for this fishy tale. The Doctor adopts a sympathetic attitude to the fishermen despite their hostile acts, an approach in stark contrast to the 'die, hideous creature, die!' ethic so often apparent in previous strip stories. At the adventure's close the Doctor agrees not to reveal the existence of the fishmen for fear of what mankind would do to them.

ASSASSIN FROM SPACE

TV Comic Holiday Special (1970)

Pages: 6 & 7 (B & W)

Writer: Roger Noel

Cook (Unconfirmed)

Artist: Patrick Williams

In space, aliens plan the invasion of Earth but first Doctor Who must be eliminated. To this end, the aliens dispatch a small craft containing an insect like creature. Encountering the monster whilst walking in a park, the Doctor has only his walking cane to defend himself with.

UNDERCOVER

TV Comic Holiday Special (1970)

Pages: 40 & 41 (B & W)

Writer: Roger Noel Cook (Unconfirmed)

Artist: Patrick Williams

At the Brigadier's request, the Doctor agrees to infiltrate a foreign embassy to recover an important device. Disguised as an old woman and using his obedience spray, the Doctor manages to gain access to the embassy and locate the device. However, as he does so, his presence is detected and the alarm is given.

This ridiculous story was to be the last *Doctor Who* strip illustrated by Patrick Williams.

DOCTOR WHO AND THE ROCKS FROM VENUS

TV Comic

Issues 970 - 976

(18.7.70 - 29.8.70)

Pages: 18 & 19 (B & W)

Writer: Alan Fennell

Artist: John Canning

The Brigadier introduces the Doctor to Professor Logan who has masterminded a successful manned mission to Venus. Before he agrees to further funding for the Professor's project, the Brigadier asks the Doctor to examine some rock samples taken from the surface of Venus. However, the Doctor discovers that the rocks are in fact from Earth. The Doctor deduces that the Professor has faked the whole Venus mission in order to use UNIT's money to finance the upkeep of his castle, ancestral home of the Logan clan.

Determined to keep his plan a secret, the Professor straps the Doctor into a rocket and launches it on a one-way trip to Venus.

An entertaining and quite tightly written thriller possibly inspired by the recent television *Doctor Who* adventure, *The Ambassadors of Death*.

By this time, Alan Fennell had become responsible for the scripting of the *Doctor Who* comic strip. Fennell is better known for his involvement with the comics and strips based on Gerry Anderson's various television series as well as the Daleks' own strip which ran on the back page of *TV Century 21*. Although it can't be confirmed, Fennell had almost certainly begun writing *Doctor Who* with *The Metal Eaters*. Fennell's writing talents were obviously more suited to *Doctor Who* than his predecessor, Roger Noel Cook's. To make the comic strip more similar to its television counterpart, Fennell had resorted to plagiarising the recently transmitted adventures. However, this cannot be seen as a bad thing as it benefited



the strip enormously.

In this adventure the Doctor claims to have made several trips to Venus, a planet he is very familiar with.

This story was also to be the last of the regular weekly strips to feature the Brigadier, Liz Shaw and UNIT. The BBC's *Doctor Who* production office had advised TV Comic that they were unhappy with the way UNIT was being portrayed in the comic strip. In an attempt to remedy this situation, a format more similar to the structure of the television series was proposed by the production office. However, TV Comic felt that the new format would be too prohibitive and decided to drop UNIT and its associated characters altogether. From Issue 977, the Doctor would continue his adventures alone with only his car, Bessie as company.

GO ON -- GET YOURSELF WRAPPED UP IN...



NEWS,
VIEWS,
BEHIND-THE-
SCENES
FEATURES

AND
ALL-NEW
ADVENTURES!

